

have aided these beneficent enterprises somewhat during the past year; be thankful that you have had the opportunity, and be not weary in well-doing. Teachers, be assiduous and diligent, and God will bless your endeavors. Children, be punctual and persevering, and you will become wise and useful. Contributors, give, as the Lord hath prospered you, willingly, not grudgingly, for the Lord loveth a cheerful giver. To all our subscribers we wish health and peace, and, if we could see you all on the 1st of January, 1854, we should heartily wish you a happy New Year; but, for this, we can only advise you to take the *Record*, when, if all be well, we shall continue to address you for another year.

[FOR THE S. S. RECORD.]

"Come," saith the "Spirit;" "come!"

Accept the offer'd call—

The Church (the "Bride") says "come,"
Come one, come all; the Gospel call is, COME.

Let him that "hears," say "Come,"

And oft repeat the call—

Oh! come to JESUS,—come
From Satan's thrall; the Gospel call is, COME

Let souls "athirst" all "come,"

This is the gracious call:

"Whosoe'r will" may come,
Come great, come small; the Gospel call is,
COME.

"And take" it "freely"—come,

Embrace at once the call—

"Water of Life"—(oh! come),
Enough for all—the Gospel call is, COME.

This invitation,—"Come!"*

Is the last BIBLE call—

Reject it not—but come,
Come one, come all; from Satan's thrall,
Come great, come small; ENOUGH FOR ALL.—
The Gospel call is—"COME!"

* Rev. xxii, 17.

D. M.

Honouring Parents.

As a stranger went into the church-yard of a pretty village, he beheld three children at a newly made grave. A boy about ten years of age was busily engaged in placing plats of turf about it, while a girl, who appeared a year or two younger, held in her apron a few roots of wild flowers. The third child, still younger, was sitting on the grass, watching with thoughtful looks the movements of the other two. They wore pieces of crape on their straw hats, and a few other signs of the mourning, such as are sometimes worn by the poor who struggle between their poverty and their afflictions.

The girl began by planting some of her wild flowers around the head of the grave, when the stranger thus addressed them:

"Whose grave is this, children, about which you are so busily engaged?"

"Mother's grave, sir," said the boy.

"And did your father send you to place these flowers around your mother's grave?"

"No, sir, father lies here too, and little Willie and sister Jane."

"When did they die?"

"Mother was buried a fortnight yesterday, sir, but father died last winter; they all lie here."

"Then who told you to do this?"

"Nobody, sir," replied the girl.

"Then why do you do it?"

They appeared at a loss for an answer, but the stranger looked so kindly at them that at length the eldest replied, as the tears started to his eyes:

"Oh, we do love them, sir."

"Then you put these grass turfs and wild flowers where your parents are laid, because you love them?"

"Yes, sir," they all eagerly replied.

What can be more beautiful than such exhibition of children honoring deceased parents? Never forget the dear parents who loved and cherished you in your infant days. Ever remember their parental kindness. Honor their memory by doing those things which you know would please them